

# IN KIMONO LAND

EMMA SAREPTA YULE



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*The little girl with a parasol*

# IN KIMONO LAND

By

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*Illustrated in colors reproduced from photographs*



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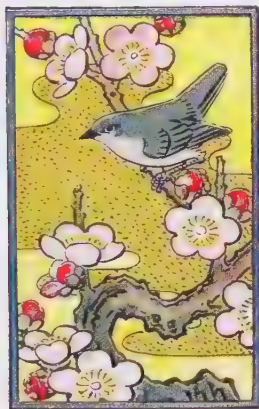


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# KIMONO LAND





## TWO BABY BOYS

I'm sure that good old Santa Claus,  
With his great pack of toys,  
Has just come down the chimney  
To these laughing baby boys.

“Oh, no!” cry both the babies,  
“You see, in all Japan



There's no one, big or little,  
Who knows of such a man."

"But if you have no Santa Claus,  
Tell us then, we pray:  
Where did you get the doggies  
And the little drums so gay?

"The rabbits that go hopping  
And balls that roll and bound,  
O funny babies, tell us  
Where can those toys be found?"

"Our father and our mother, too,  
Go to the shops of toys,  
And bring home jolly playthings  
For their darling baby boys.

"We do not know your Santa,  
But we've many toys, you see,  
So every day we laugh and play,  
And are merry as can be."

## LITTLE TARO AND THE PICTURE-TAKING MAN

Little Taro is not a cry-baby. No, indeed! He is a happy little boy.

He is afraid. That is why he is crying.

You see Taro's mother went behind the bamboo screen and left him there all alone.

Then a picture-taking man came. He pointed a great, big black thing right at Taro.

This made Taro afraid. He wanted to run away. Then the picture man put a black cloth over his head and came right toward the little boy. Taro began to cry, for he did not know what the man was going to do.

No wonder he cried. Poor little Taro!



*Taro is afraid of the picture-taking man*

## TARO AND HIS MOTHER

TIME: *Day.*

PLACE: *The photographer's studio.*

CHARACTERS: TARO *and* TARO'S MOTHER.

TARO'S MOTHER: Why is my little son crying?

TARO: O Mother, I was afraid.

MOTHER: Why were you afraid?

TARO: The man pointed that big black thing at me. When the man hid under a black cloth, I was afraid. I did not know what he was going to do.

MOTHER: Taro, your honorable father would hang his head in shame if he heard his little son crying because he was afraid.

TARO: Are you hanging your head in shame, too, Mother?

MOTHER: Yes, Taro, I am ashamed because my son is a coward.



TARO: O Mother, don't hang your head. I won't be afraid any more.

MOTHER: Then you will be my brave little son?

TARO: Yes, Mother. I will let the man take my picture and I won't cry any more.

*[Taro smiles. The photographer takes a picture.]*

MOTHER: Now you are my brave boy. Come, we will go to the toyshop. There we will buy a drum for you.

TARO: Like the soldiers' drums, Mother?

MOTHER: Yes, and when you play on it, your little drum will say, "Be brave, Taro. Be brave."

TARO: I will play on my little drum every day, Mother.

## BRAVE TARO'S SONG

See me! Riding as fast as I can.  
For I am a great big soldier man.  
Fighting in battles for Japan.

I am Father's general.

I wave my flag and shout,

*Banzai! Banzai!*

And I gallop so fast, I almost fly.  
No one can catch me, no use to try,  
Not even a policeman.

## A RIDDLE

I am white and red.

I float overhead.

The soldier boys carry me.

They wave me and cry,

*Banzai! Banzai!*

What am I?



"Banzai! Banzai!"

"Banzai! Banzai!"



*Haru's first obi*



## HARU'S OBI

I am a big girl now. I have on an *obi*. Do you see it? It's the wide sash I am wearing.

My mother made my *obi* and she has just put it on me.

I never wore an *obi* before. When a girl can wear an *obi*, it means that she is almost grown up. So I am not a baby any more.

Today is a festival day, because it is my first *obi* day. I shall go to the temple with my mother. When I come home I shall have some pretty little cakes to eat.

While my mother was putting on my *obi*, she talked to me. She told me that when a girl is old enough to wear an *obi* she must be polite. My mother told me many things good to remember.

Every Japanese lady wears an *obi*.  
So I am almost a grown-up lady, and I  
am glad.

Would you like to see how my *obi*  
looks at the back? It took mother a  
long time to tie it. But I stood very still  
while she did it.

I'll walk down the path and out into  
the garden. Then you can see the big  
bow on my back. Isn't it a beautiful  
big bow?

## A RIDDLE

Sometimes I have two heads.  
Sometimes I have but one.  
I can make a loud noise.  
I help the soldier boys to march.  
I say, "Step, step, step."  
What am I?



*A beautiful big bow*

## HARU'S PARTY

Little Haru is having a party. But she does not call it a party. She calls it the Dolls' Festival. All Japanese girls have this festival on the third of March.

Doesn't Haru look like a doll herself? She likes her new kimono with the bright leaves on it. Her father gave her a big new doll. When she saw the big doll she was very happy.

She clapped her hands and cried, "Oh, how pretty!"

The dolls on the shelves, the dolls' furniture and other things are not new. Some of them were given to Haru's grandmother when she was a little girl.

All these things look new because little children never play with them. Once every year for the festival the dolls





and the furniture are taken out of the storeroom and put on the shelves as you see them in the picture. They do not play with the dolls and the furniture that are on the shelves, but the girls may play with the new dolls. This festival is the happiest time of the year for little Japanese girls.

Haru's older sister, Chiyo, is having

a happy time at the festival. She is wearing her new red *obi*, of which she is very proud.

Cousin Ko has come to play with Chiyo and Haru. She is wearing a pretty new kimono and has a new hair ribbon, too.

Every year on Dolls' Festival day all little Japanese girls have a tea. They use the dolls' tables and their tiny cups and rice bowls.

They think it is great fun to sit at the little tables and eat from the tiny dishes.

The little girls have tea for themselves, but they always serve their dolls first as they are their guests.

The Dolls' Festival is a happy time for the little girls of Japan, and for their dolls.

# THE FEAST OF THE DOLLS

TIME: *The third of March.*

PLACE: *Haru's home.*

CHARACTERS: HARU, CHIYO, *and* KO.

HARU: I am glad you could come to our Dolls' Festival, Ko.

KO: So am I, Haru. See, I wore my new kimono and this pretty red ribbon.

HARU: Your kimono and ribbon are pretty, Ko. I like them.

KO: How many dolls you have, Haru! This big one is new, isn't she?

HARU: Yes, my honorable father gave her to me today.

KO: She looks just like you, Haru.

HARU: All her pretty kimonos and the quilts for her bed are just like mine. These parasols and fans are hers, and this *jinrikisha*, too.

CHIYO: I have a new doll, too, Ko.

KO: O Chiyo, she is lovely.

HARU: Chiyo, let us have tea for both our new dolls now, while Ko is here. Should you like to help us, Ko?

KO: Yes, what shall I do?

CHIYO: You may get the cups and a tray for each doll. I will make the tea.

HARU: I will get the rice and little cakes.

KO: My mother says that we must serve our dolls with great politeness.

CHIYO: Yes, for they are our guests.

*[Girls bow politely to the dolls and offer them tea, rice and cakes.]*

HARU: I think it fun to serve tea for our dolls. I feel like a grown-up lady, when I bow so politely to them and serve them just as my mother does her guests.

KO: I love the day when we have our Dolls' Festival.

HARU: So do I. It is the happiest time of all the year. All little Japanese girls think so.

## A RIDDLE

We are the seeds of a little green plant.  
We had brown covers.  
Men beat us and made our brown covers  
fly away.  
Then we were white and shining.  
Haru's mother bought us when she went  
to the market.  
She cooked us in boiling water.  
Then she served us in little bowls for the  
doll's tea.  
Haru and Chiyo like us.  
What are we?





## A JAPANESE CARRIAGE

Good morning! I am taking a ride this fine day.

No, indeed! I am not riding in a big baby carriage.

This is really my mother's carriage. My honorable father rides in this carriage too, and he is a great big man.

This is a Japanese carriage. It is

called a *jinnrikisha*. That is a very long word, so for short we say "riksha."

The man who pulls it is the "riksha man." He can run very fast.

Good-by. I must go home now.

If you will come to Japan, I will let you ride in my riksha.

## A RIDDLE

I am not a spoon.

I am not a fork.

I am not a knife.

I am long and slender.

Sometimes I am white.

Sometimes I am black.

The Japanese boys and girls use me  
when they eat.

They eat their rice with me.

Each child uses two of me.

What am I?

## A RAINY MORNING

Going to school in the rain! But who minds the rain when she has a big umbrella to keep her dry? These girls don't mind it a bit.

Patter, patter! falls the rain on the paper umbrellas. It makes such a noise you would think you were under a tin roof. But not a drop comes through. Paper umbrellas are better than silk ones to keep off rain.

Every one of these girls has on storm *geta*. They are those queer-looking rain shoes.

Toyo's mother is taking her little daughter to school. She is wearing *geta* too. The *geta* are quite high. Toyo says that she is a tall lady when she wears her *geta*.



*Geta* make very good shoes for muddy streets, and Japanese towns have no sidewalks.

All of the girls have on dark skirts. That is because they are going to school. Japanese girls always wear skirts over their kimonos while they are at school.

## A RIDDLE

I come from the sky.  
Sometimes I am cold and noisy.  
Sometimes I am warm and gentle.  
I make Toyo wear her *geta*.  
I make her carry her big umbrella.  
I play a little tune on the umbrella.  
Patter, patter, pat! Patter, patter, pat!  
What am I?

## ANOTHER RIDDLE

I am as round and almost as big as a  
riksha wheel.  
I am made of paper and bamboo.  
There are pretty pictures on the paper.  
I have a long handle.  
Toyo carries me when it rains.  
The rain falls on me,  
But it does not come through on Toyo.  
What am I?





## THE SWING

A jolly kindergarten swing  
For tiny girls is just the thing.  
But these four, why I cannot tell,  
Seem not to like it very well.  
The big school aprons, neat and new,  
Should make wee maidens happy, too.  
Oh, smile, dear little girls, and sing  
In your kindergarten swing.



## THREE LITTLE SOLDIERS

“Shoulder arms!” commanded bold Captain Takeo. Up went two guns.

“Carry flags!” commanded Colonel Shiro. Three bright Rising Sun flags waved in the wind.

“Forward march! Forward march!” shouted General Nami, holding her sword high.

Left, right, left, right,  
Over the top, into the fight,  
Shouting loud the battle cry,  
*Banzai! Banzai!*

## SCHOOLBOYS IN THE PARK

How should you like to be one of these boys? They are the fifth-grade boys of a Tokyo public school.

Almost every pleasant school day their teacher brings them to this park for exercises. The boys run all the way from the school building to the park. Such a clatter as they make!

You may think the boys are wearing skirts, but they are not. They have on *hakama*, or Japanese trousers. These look like skirts, because they are so wide.

The boys wear *hakama* over a kimono only when they are at school.



Do you see that each schoolboy has a handkerchief tucked in his belt?

Look at the school caps! The boys take great pride in them. Brass letters on the front of each cap tell to what school the boy who wears it goes.

Two of these boys are dressed like Americans. Their fathers believe this clothing is more comfortable than the kimono and *hakama*, that the others wear.

## A RIDDLE

Long ago a Japanese father said to one of his daughters, "Go, my child, and bring me wind in a paper."

She brought me.

What am I?

## ANOTHER RIDDLE

This Japanese father said to his other daughter, "And you, my child, must bring me fire in a paper."

She brought me.

What am I?







## THE SNOW MAN

The snow man is all made. Yuki and Matsu made him.

The girls think he is a very funny snow man. They have named him "Brown-san." This is the Japanese way of saying Mr. Brown.

How the girls laughed when they put spectacles on him!

"Boo, how he frightens me! Just as Brown-san does," said Yuki, giggling.

Matsu put a stick in the snow man's mouth.

"There, he's smoking. He can't bite me now!" she cried, jumping up and down in glee.

The girls have on their warm outdoor kimonos. Their feet are dry, for they are wearing storm *geta*. But Yuki's hands are cold; she is blowing on them to make them warm. It is a joke on her to have cold hands, for her name, *Yuki*, is Japanese for "Snow." A girl named Snow should not feel the cold, should she?

Matsu and Yuki work very fast and make the snow man quickly. They want

to surprise their father and Inazo, their big brother.

How Inazo will laugh! For the snow man looks very much like the American who lives across the street, the cross-looking Brown-san.

## A SMILING SNOW MAN

TIME: *That night after supper.*

PLACE: *The house, the garden.*

CHARACTERS: MATSU, YUKI, and INAZO.

[MATSU and YUKI are standing in the doorway of the house. INAZO, their big brother, comes along.]

MATSU: Yuki, the moon is so bright that the garden looks like fairyland.

YUKI: Then our snow man is the ogre who has stolen into the land of the fairies.

MATSU: I should like to see how he looks now. I wonder whether he looks uglier by moonlight?

YUKI: I wonder, too. Let us go and see.

MATSU: Here comes Inazo. Good evening, Brother. Yuki and I are going into the garden to see how our snow man looks by moonlight. Will you not come with us?

INAZO: Good evening. Yes, I should like to see your snow man. Is he handsome?

YUKI *and* MATSU: Handsome? [*The little girls laugh.*] Is an ogre handsome? He's an ogre in fairyland.

INAZO [*shudders in make-believe fear*]: I have never seen an ogre.

YUKI: Don't be afraid. This one will not hurt you. We call him Brown-san.

[*They go into the garden.*]

MATSU: See, Inazo, here is our snow man. Isn't he ugly?

YUKI (*to* MATSU): He looks too cross tonight, Matsu. This ogre will frighten the fairies of the snow. Let us ask Inazo to change him into a happy snow man. [*Matsu nods "yes."*] Inazo, could you make Brown-san into a happy snow man?

INAZO: I think I can. First let us take off his spectacles. Then I will take that little stick from his mouth, and use it for a tool. With it I am going to make his mouth smile; I will touch his eyes here and there. Now what do you say?

MATSU *and* YUKI: O, Inazo, he does not look cross now. He looks kind and smiling like our father.



INAZO: Yes, your snow man looks quite handsome now. Come, let us go in. I am cold.

MATSU *and* YUKI: Good night, Mr. Snow Man, good night. We are sure the fairies of the snow will like you now. We are glad you are happy. Good night, Mr. Snow Man.

*[Children bow to snow man. They run into the house.]*

## A RIDDLE

I have eyes but I cannot see.  
I have ears but I cannot hear.  
I have a mouth yet I cannot bite.  
I am always cold, and  
I am always white.  
What am I?



## BOYS' FESTIVAL DAY

This is a picture of the living room in Masaki's home on Boys' Festival day. Masaki has not seen these toys nor the other things since Boys' Festival day a year ago. They have been in boxes in the same storehouse where the girls' festival dolls were kept.

None of the things are really toys, and everything tells about war. The armor, weapons, drums, and banners are like those used by the Japanese a long time ago. They are small, almost like toys, but each one is beautifully made.

Does Masaki play with the armor, banners, and drums? No, they are just to look at. But he may sit for a while on the horse with the saddle and play that he is one of the heroes of old Japan.

You see these things are too old to play with. So on this day his father tells him many stories about the old days when they were used.

Masaki likes to hear these old tales and to make up stories about brave men in armour who fight with spears and swords. But the Boys' Festival really is to teach Japanese boys about their country's heroes.

## THE BOYS' FESTIVAL

Armor and weapons and drums  
Used by our heroes of old,  
Big fish that float on the air,  
Tales that our fathers have told  
Make the boys of Japan ever call  
The Boys' Day the best day of all.

## THE BOYS' FESTIVAL

TIME: *The morning of the fifth of May.*

PLACE: *Masaki's home.*

CHARACTERS: MASAKI, *his* FATHER, *and*  
*his* MOTHER.

MOTHER: Come, my son, eat your rice. Then you can go out to see the new shining ball that your honorable father bought in honor of the day.

MASAKI: Is it on top of a bamboo pole? And are the carp out, Mother?

MOTHER: Yes, indeed, my son, your honorable father was up at sunrise and six great carp float in the air each from its tall bamboo pole.

FATHER: Before we go out, Masaki, you may offer these rice cakes in the onara leaves to the images of our heroes of old.

MASAKI: Yes, Father, I will. But tell me, Father, why do you wrap the cakes in onara leaves?

FATHER: Because, my son, the onara is the sign of strength. Our heroes were brave, strong men, and we want you always to keep that in mind, that you may be strong and brave too.

MASAKI: I often think of the carp, Father. What a strong fish it must be!

FATHER: Why do you think it is so strong, my son?

MASAKI: I remember what you and my mother have often told me, about the carp. He swims upstream. The current does not stop him. He leaps over rocks and waterfalls. Nothing can turn him back until he reaches the head waters of the stream. That is why he always makes me think of being strong and brave.

MOTHER: I rejoice, my dear son, that you remember so well what we have tried to teach you. I pray that you may always be strong and brave.

MASAKI: But, Mother, I do not know why we keep this day as a holiday.

MOTHER: Your honorable father will tell you, my son.

FATHER: Hundreds of years ago an enemy came to our beloved land. He had many ships and thousands of soldiers.



Our people prayed for help. A fierce storm arose and the enemy's ships were dashed to pieces.

Then our soldiers met the army of our mighty foe. A great battle was fought, and at last the enemy's army was conquered by our heroes.

So that our boys might grow up to be as brave as those brave men of old, our people said, "We will always keep this day. It shall be a holiday forever. We will call it the Boys' Day, and on it we will tell our sons stories of their country's heroes."

MASAKI: Thank you, Father. I shall never forget what you have told me, and I shall always try to be brave and strong.

FATHER: Good, my son. Now offer the rice cakes in the onara leaves to our heroes and then we shall go out and

look at the carp and the new decorations. You will think the gay streamers around the shining ball on top of the pole very pretty. And there is a new red and black carp your grandfather sent you.

## IN THE PARK

We're not going anywhere. We're just in the park because it is summer. We love the warm sunshine and the trees and the flowers.

Our babies are pretty, aren't they? We always carry our babies on our backs. We know no other way, and it is so easy.

A little baby is always strapped to its mother's back. A larger baby can hold on, so it is not strapped.

In Japan even a little girl carries her baby brother or baby sister on her



back. With the baby snugly tied on, she will run and play games.

Sometimes the baby goes fast asleep with the "Little Mother" playing "Hop, Skip, and Jump." The sleeping baby's head will wobble around like a rubber ball on a string. But Baby doesn't seem to mind it a bit. He does not even wake up.

## WHY THEY FORGOT

Do you think these children got up early this morning just to come and see the flowers in blossom? No, they all started away from their homes to go to different places. When they saw the lovely pink azaleas in bloom they stopped and forgot everything else.

The little boy and the very little girl had started to go to school. If they stay much longer they will be late.

The girl with the pink hair ribbon was sent to her aunt's on an errand. Her mother told her to hurry, but here she is still.

The girl with the pink parasol was going to a shop to buy a new hair ribbon. She wants to wear the ribbon this very day. Do you think she will?



The beautiful azaleas have made the children forget all about school or all about the errands that they were sent to do. They think only of the pretty blossoms so pink, and so bright in the sunshine.

Listen to what the children are saying to the flowers!

The biggest girl:

O pretty blossoms, my ribbon new  
Shall be as bright and as pink as  
you.

The second girl:

I wish I could pluck just one little  
flower;  
I'd keep it and love it for many an  
hour.

The little girl:

Never, never before did I see  
Anything so sweet as you, dear  
little tree.

The boy:

I'll bring my mother, my father, too,  
O pretty azaleas, to look at you.



## THE GIRLS' LITTLE SONG

Oh, we love the sunshine,  
And we love the flowers' bright hue.

We love the trees that give us shade,  
And the sky so high, so blue.

And the babies riding upon our backs?  
Oh, yes, we love them too.





## KIKU

Chrysanthemum really is this wee girl's  
long, long name.

A shorter name is Kiku, but they mean  
the same.

Kiku holds the flower *kiku* up so high  
Then, *bansai, bansai*, Yuzo and Kiku cry.



## THE WISTARIA ARBOR

“There is nothing that’s nicer,” says  
Yoshi, “in May  
Than tea in the wistaria arbor.  
The fairies climb up there, they swing  
and they sway,  
In the lovely long clusters of purple.

I keep very still while my mother drinks  
tea

And then I hear what the fairies are  
saying.

They tell the most wonderful stories  
to me.

Oh, how I wish I could go with them  
a-Maying!"

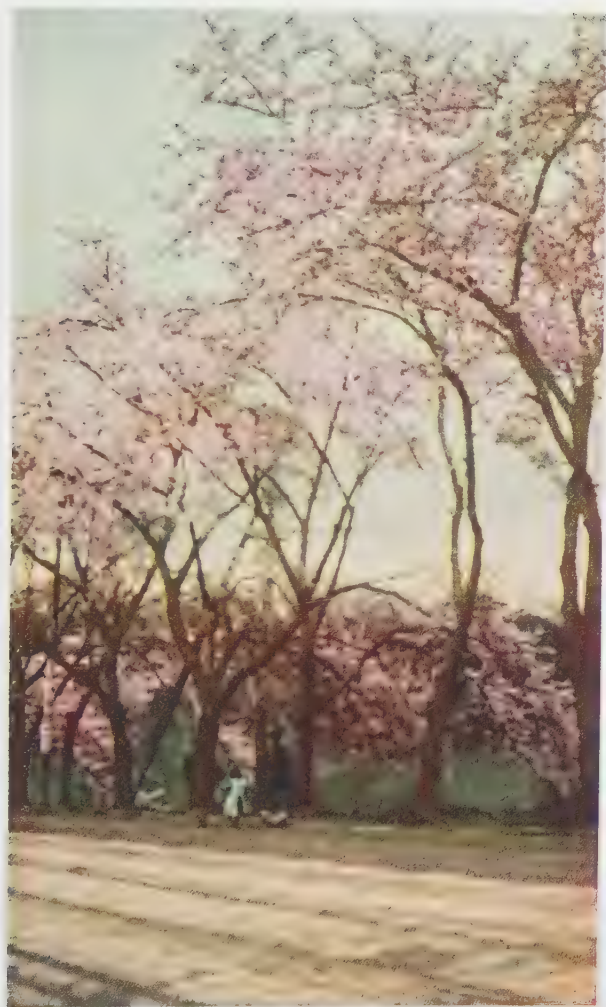
## CHERRY BLOSSOM TIME

Just think of walking in a long, long  
street—

Cherry trees on either side, with branches  
high that meet.

Little Yoshi says, "These cherry trees so  
wide, so high,

In blossom time look like clouds of pink  
in the blue, blue sky."



*In cherry blossom time*

“O what a lot of cherries!” I think I  
hear you say,  
“Bushels there will be in June, bushels  
every day.”  
No, not a single cherry, only the blossoms  
sweet,  
That look like soft, pink clouds, as over-  
head they meet.

## BY THE BROOK

Sato and Ichi have a school holiday today. It is Cherry Blossom time in Japan. Their father and mother could not go to the park today to see the cherry trees in full bloom as they always have done in other years.

So on their holiday, Sato and Ichi are having a good time all by themselves.





They have walked a long way through the fields to see this old cherry tree in bloom.

They think that the pink-flowered branches bending over the brook are very pretty. They love to look at the real branch and the one just like it that they see in the brook.

The blossoms on the cherry tree are double, like a little rose. Sato asks Ichi which she likes the better, the double or the single cherry blossoms.

# THE CHERRY BLOSSOM SONG

TIME: *Day.*

PLACE: *The brookside.*

CHARACTERS: SATO *and* ICHI.

SATO: Which time of the year do you love best, Ichi?

ICHI: Oh, I love cherry-blossom time best of all! Don't you?

SATO: Yes, I love to walk under the trees with their lovely pink blossoms. They seem like pink clouds in the blue sky.

ICHI: I love this old cherry tree by the brook. Its branches bend over the brook as if they were trying to see themselves in its shining waters.

SATO: Like a little girl dressed for a party, looking in her mirror.

ICHI: O Sato, yes, a little girl in a pretty pink silk kimono.

SATO: Do you know the "Cherry Bloom Song," Ichi?

ICHI: No, Sato, do you?

SATO: Yes, my mother taught it to me yesterday. I am going to sing it for my honorable father tonight.

ICHI: Sing it for me now, Sato.

SATO (*sings*):

Cherry blooms, cherry blooms,  
Cherry blooms are everywhere.  
Like a cloud from out the sky,  
Mists of blossoms fill the air.

ICHI: Oh, what a pretty little song!  
Will you teach it to me, Sato?

SATO: Yes, say the words with me  
and then we can sing the little song  
together as we go home.

[*They say the words and together they  
go homeward across the fields, singing over  
and over again the little song.*]

## THREE LITTLE ARTISTS

Nami and her brothers, Takeo and Shiro, are playing in the garden.

"Oh, I am tired of these old games," says Takeo. "Let's play something new."

"All right," agrees Shiro, "what can we play?"

"Oh, I don't know. Let's think up something." And Takeo frowns and begins to think very hard.

"Yes, let's think," says merry little Nami, shaking her head and trying to frown, too.

All three stand beside the big stone lantern and think very hard. To help them think they kick their *geta* against the stone base of the lantern. Nami does her best to kick as hard as her brothers do.



Takeo turns around to look for something to play with. He sees their house with the sliding paper-covered *shoji*-doors. Then a plan pops into his head. Those frames with the white paper pasted over them would make splendid places on which to paint pictures. He thinks, "How surprised our honorable father and our mother will be when they come home and see pictures on the *shoji*."

"I've thought of something!" Takeo cries. "Let's be artists and paint pictures on the *shoji* to surprise Mother and Father."

At first Shiro and Nami think of what they have been told about keeping the *shoji* clean. But because Takeo made the plan, Shiro shouts, "Oh, yes, yes, let's! That will be great fun!"

"Oh, let's!" echoes Nami.

Takeo, Shiro, and Nami run to the stone step and slip off their *geta* because they never wear their street shoes in the house. The soft cloth *tabi* which they have on their feet slide softly and quietly over the smooth and shining boards of the veranda and the mat-covered floors of the house. The children slide the *shoji* open and get their paints. When they come out they slide the *shoji*





shut. Then they begin to paint. Each one knows what to paint on his part. Shiro thinks that he will paint Mount Fujiyama, the most beautiful mountain in Japan.

Takeo works faster than Shiro, who is a very slow artist. Even Nami has begun her picture. Perhaps Shiro mixes his paints more carefully than his brother and sister do.

## THREE LITTLE ARTISTS

TIME: *Afternoon.*

PLACE: *Veranda of a home.*

CHARACTERS: TAKEO *and* SHIRO *and* their sister NAMI, *and* their FATHER *and* MOTHER.

TAKEO: How surprised our father and mother will be when they see these nice pictures.

NAMI: I think pictures on a *shoji* are stylish.

TAKEO: So do I, but mine is better than yours.

SHIRO: Stop talking so much, Takeo. Artists cannot talk and work too.

TAKEO: I like to talk.

SHIRO: I know you do. That is why your work is never done.

[*The artists work for a while in silence; then they begin talking again.*]



NAMI: My picture is lovely. Don't you think so, Shiro?

SHIRO: Our pictures are all lovely.

TAKEO: What is that you are drawing now, Shiro?

SHIRO: Don't you know? That is our beautiful mountain, Fujiyama. Every artist puts that in his picture.

NAMI: How beautiful our *shoji* will be! The most beautiful in all Japan.



TAKEO: Yes, and how proud our parents will be because their children are such fine artists.

SHIRO: Let's stop painting and look at each other's pictures.

TAKEO: Nami, did you hear that? Let's stop a while.

SHIRO: My picture is the best, but it is very ugly.

TAKEO: My picture is as good as yours, Shiro. Mine is not ugly at all.

NAMI: I think all of our pictures are pretty.

SHIRO: Well, I do not and I am going to tear mine off.

TAKEO: Then so will I.

NAMI: And I.

*[They do so. Takeo then looks around to see what to do next. He sees a fine big Japanese lantern hanging on the veranda. He takes it down and puts it on while Shiro and Nami are folding up the pictures.]*

TAKEO: See my stylish skirt. I am an American lady.

SHIRO: Your skirt is too long, Takeo. Let me pull it up.

NAMI: O Takeo, how funny you look! Can you walk?



TAKEO: Yes, and I can dance, too.  
I will dance the “Lantern Dance” for you.

### TAKEO'S SONG

Who is an artist and a dancing man,  
The funniest dancer in all Japan?  
He can dance as fast as the winds can  
blow.

The name of this dancer is Takeo.



[While Takeo is dancing, and Shiro and Nami are laughing, their father and mother come home.]

FATHER: My children, what have you done to the *shoji*?

MOTHER: And children why have you been mixing your paints on the clean veranda?

TAKEO (*hanging his head*): Honorable Father and dear Mother, we had played all the games we knew and did not know what to do. We thought we could make the *shoji* beautiful with pictures and surprise you.

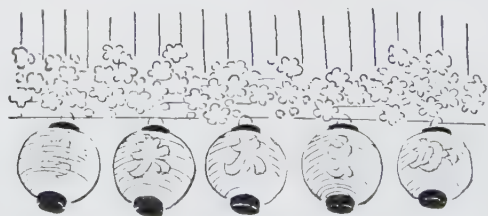
SHIRO: Yes, honorable Father and Mother. But the pictures we drew on the *shoji* were not beautiful. We tore them off.

NAMI: We know that we have been naughty. Please forgive us. We will

never paint on the *shoji* again, will we, Shiro?

SHIRO: No, honorable Father we never will paint on the *shoji* again. We are all very sorry, Father.

FATHER: You have been very, very naughty children. If you ever again make so much as a mark on the *shoji* I shall punish you severely. Shiro and Nami go into the house at once. Takeo, you must go at once and tell Endo-san to come tomorrow and re-cover the *shoji*—I shall be greatly ashamed for him to see it as it is.





## TEA

The three naughty artists  
Are having their tea,  
Rice, fish, everything  
As good as can be.

Nami will pour the tea,  
Takeo serve the rice.  
Who would think they'd been bad,  
Now they are so nice?

## HANA AND MASAKI

Do you remember me? I am Hana, the girl with the parasol. I'm in the very front of this book.

This is my brother, Masaki. We are just starting for school. See! I have on my school skirt and Masaki has on his school trousers, or *hakama*. Masaki is very proud of his school cap.

Don't you like our school bags? They are the newest kind of bags. Japanese school children carry their books in a *furoshiki*. That is a big, bright-colored handkerchief. I have a pretty one, but I like the bag better. It is easier to run with my books in a bag.

This is the house where Masaki and I live. Don't you think our bamboo fence is pretty? We do.

Won't you visit us some time?



*Starting on the way to school*

## GOING TO SCHOOL

CHARACTERS: MOTHER, HANA, *and*  
*her brother*, MASAKI.

MOTHER: Come, children, it is time to go to school. Hana, put on your school skirt over your kimono and, Masaki, put on your *hakama*.

HANA: Mother, may I wear my new pink hair ribbon?

MOTHER: Yes, my dear little Hana.

MASAKI: Mother, may I wear my new cap?

MOTHER: Yes, my son.

MASAKI: Mother, may we carry our new school bags instead of the *furoshiki*? Our things drop out of the *furoshiki* when we run.

HANA: Oh, say yes, Mother, please. The new bags are so pretty.



MOTHER: Yes, you may take the new bags and I shall be quite proud of my children.

HANA *and* MASAKI: Oh, thank you, Mother!

MOTHER: You are both ready. How nice you look! Now, go quickly to school, and be very, very good so that your father and I may be proud and happy.

HANA *and* MASAKI: Yes, Mother, we will be good. Good-by, dear, kind little Mother.

## SUPPER

No, this is not playing or make-believe. These little girls, Mitsu and Miyoko, are having their regular supper. Fuji, their eldest sister, is serving them.



Fuji is serving Mitsu a bowl of rice. See how politely and carefully she holds the tray! The rice has been kept hot in the wooden bucket by her side.

Miyoko has her bowl of rice. Can you see how she holds her chopsticks?

There is soup in the covered bowls

on the trays. The girls will drink it as they eat their supper. In the white dishes are vegetables. Fish is on the plates.

When Mitsu and her sister have finished eating, Fuji will pour tea into little cups for them.

How would you like a Japanese supper?

## TWO FRIENDS

Sono and Natsu have walked home from school together. They are saying, *Sayonara*, or "Good-by," at the door of Sono's home.

Natsu wants her hat to show in the picture. Most Japanese girls do not wear hats. But in these days a few girls wear them.



Do you see Sono's *furoshiki*? Her schoolbooks are wrapped in it.

Sono and Natsu are studying together in Natsu's home. You would grow very tired studying at such low tables, wouldn't you? But Sono and Natsu do not.



Natsu is writing. She uses a brush instead of a pen. She has no ink bottle. In the box is a cake of ink and a dish of water. She mixes the ink very much as you mix your paints.

Do you see that Natsu does not write across the page? She writes from the

top of the page to the bottom of it. But she is writing a sentence, not a list of words.

Sono is studying a reading lesson. When making words, the Japanese do not use letters as we do. They use marks called "characters" instead of words. The marks on the page of Sono's book are the printed characters. Natsu is writing characters.

Sono begins to read at the top of the page at the right hand and reads down one line. Then she goes back to the top and reads down the second line and so on. That is something like reading a list of words for a spelling lesson, isn't it? But Sono has never read in any other way.

There are very nice stories in her reader. Sono likes to read them.



## SONO READS A VERSE

SONO: Natsu, I have found a lovely verse in my book. May I read it to you?

NATSU: Yes, indeed, Sono. I shall be glad to hear it.

SONO: This is the verse.

“The soft wind blows through the  
woods of pine,  
Its sound is sweet to me.  
And Fujiyama’s snow-crowned head  
Is glorious to see.”

NATSU: It is lovely. As you read it, the words sounded like sweet music to me.

SONO: Yes, they are sweet and they make a lovely picture.

NATSU: It’s lovely, Sono. Let us both learn the little verse and say it so our honorable parents can enjoy it.

## PLAYING ON THE KOTO

*Chocho! chocho!*

*Na no ha ni tomaré!*

*Na no ha ga iyanara,*

*Te ni tomaré!*

Butterfly! butterfly!

Light upon the radish leaf!

If you do not like the radish leaf,

Light upon my hand!

Aki is very happy. She can play the "Butterfly Song" on the *koto*. It is a little song that she learned when she was a tiny girl. But Aki has had her *koto* only a short time. She can play just this one little song.

All Japanese girls want to learn to play on the *koto*. It is the Japanese piano.



Aki's father will be pleased when she sings and plays the "Butterfly Song" for him.

In a few weeks, Aki will be able to play and sing songs that tell old stories. Her father and mother will be very glad, for they love the old "story-songs."

## STORY-TELLING TIME

Don't you love to sit by the fire and have Mother tell you stories?

That is what Saburo and his sister, Yuri, are doing. Yes, this is a stove or fireplace, the only kind the Japanese have. They call it a *hibachi*.

The *hibachi* is a box with a brass jar inside that holds the fire. The Japanese burn charcoal, so there is no flame.

When story time comes, Saburo and Yuri always beg Mother to tell *Momotaro*, the story they love best.

This is the story Mother is telling:

Hundreds of years ago a poor old wood-cutter and his wife lived in the forest.

One day the old woman went to gather some greens growing by a brook. In the brook she found a ripe peach.



*When story time comes*

When the woodcutter came to dinner, his wife put the peach on his plate.

"How good it looks! Where did you get it? Let me give you half."

When he cut the peach apart, even the pit split open. Right inside the pit was—what do you suppose?—a wee, wee baby.

The two old people called the baby Momotaro, which means "Peachling," or "Little Peach."

They worked hard to get food and clothing for Peachling. They were very poor, and often went without things so he might not be hungry or cold.

When Peachling was sixteen years old he heard about a wicked King who had great chests of silver and gold and jewels. He had stolen them from his people. Terrible giants, called "ogres," guarded the King, his gold and silver and jewels.



One day Peachling said: "Mother, I am going to the King's island to get his treasure. Please make me some dumplings to take with me."

"Yes, my son," the mother answered.

"May you have success!" said the old people, so they bade Momotaro good-by.

As he was walking through the woods, Peachling heard, "Kia! Kia! Kia! Where are you going, Peachling?"

"Why, hello, Ape! I'm going to the ogre's island to get the King's treasure."

"What have you in your bag?"

"Very good dumplings."

"Give me one and I'll go with you."

Peachling gave the ape a nice big dumpling.

As he and the ape were climbing a hill, a pheasant called, "Ken! Ken! Ken! Where are you going, Peachling?"

"To the ogre's island to get the King's gold."

"Have you food in your bag?"

"Yes, very good dumplings."

"Give me one and I'll go with you."

Peachling gave the pheasant the best dumpling he had. Then the boy, the ape, and the pheasant hurried on.

Near the island they met a dog. "Bow-wow-wow! Where are you going, Mr. Peachling?"

"I'm going to the island of the ogres to get the King's treasure."

"I smell dumplings. Have you any?"

"The best in the world."

"Give me one and I'll go with you."

"All right! Here's a big one."

When Peachling and his friends reached the island, they went quietly up to the castle gate. The pheasant flew over the

gate and the ape climbed over the wall. Then they took off the gate's fastenings, and the dog and Peachling pushed it open.

The giants came right at them. But the pheasant flew at their eyes and pecked them. The dog bit them, the ape clawed them, and Peachling fought hard with a club. One by one all the giants were overcome.

Peachling locked the King up. Then he made an ogre bring gold, silver, and jewels until he had all he could carry.

Peachling gave the dumplings he had left to his friends, the ape, the pheasant, and the dog. Then he hurried home.

All the rest of their lives, the old woodcutter and his wife had a beautiful home and everything they wanted. For Momotaro remembered how they had taken care of him when he was a baby.



*Little Ume*

## PLAYING GAMES IN THE PARK

TIME: *A sunny spring morning.*

PLACE: *The park.*

CHARACTERS: UME, AKI, CHIYO, HANA,  
MATSU, NAMI, SATO, SONO, NATSU,  
TOYO and YUKI.

[UME is wandering about alone and is  
talking to herself.]

UME: I wish I had some one to play  
with. There are Aki and Chiyo and  
some of the other big girls. I wish they  
would play with me.

[*The big girls see her.*]

CHIYO: There is little Ume. Little  
Ume, come here and play with us.

UME: What are you playing, Chiyo?

CHIYO: We are playing the "Shadow  
Dance."

UME: I don't know how to play the "Shadow Dance," Chiyo.

CHIYO, AKI, *and* HANA: We will show you how, Ume. Come.

UME: Thank you, I will come.

*[She joins the group of girls.]*

CHIYO: This is a fine place for our dance because our shadows are so dark upon the grass. And in this game we run about and try to step on each other's shadow. But each one tries to keep the others from stepping on her shadow. Do you understand, Ume?

UME: Yes, Chiyo, I understand.

CHIYO: Then let us begin.

*[They play.]*

HANA: Do you like this game, Ume?

UME: Yes, Hana, it is fun.

NAMI: Ume is so quick that she has



stepped on my shadow ever so many times, and I haven't stepped on Ume's once.

SEVERAL GIRLS (*together*): Yes, Ume is very quick.

SATO: Shall we sit down for a while and rest?

CHIYO: Yes, let us sit down.

[*They sit down on the ground.*]

TOYO: Let us play "Big Lantern, Little Lantern." Do you know that game, Ume?

UME: No, Toyo, how do you play it?

TOYO: Let us sit so as to make a big ring. Now, I will put my hands together and say quickly, "Big lantern." Sato, who is next to me on this side, will spread her hands far apart and say, "Little lantern," and so we go 'round the ring just as fast as we can go. Let us begin.

[*They play going around the ring two or three times.*]

UME: This is fun, too. Let us play it again.

MATSU: It is fun, especially when some of us say, "Big lantern" when we should say, "Little lantern." Let us go around the ring once more and then Yuki and I must go home.

THE OTHERS: We must all go home then.

[*They play.*]

CHIYO: Did you like our games, Ume?

UME: Yes, Chiyo, I did. Thank you for asking me to come and play with you. Good-by!

THE OTHERS: Come and play with us some other day, little Ume. Good-by! Good-by!

## THE GIRLS' PARTY

Sato is going to have a party. Her mother has invited many of her little daughter's friends. Of course, Chiyo is invited, for she is Sato's very best chum.

Let us play that we are fairies and go with Chiyo to the party. If we are quiet, polite fairies no one will see us and we shall enjoy the party. That will be great fun.

## THE FAIRIES' SONG

Oh, we are fairies and we will go  
To Sato's party.  
But she'll never know,  
We'll step so lightly,  
And we'll speak so low.  
Yes, we are coming to your party,  
Dear little Sato.



This is Chiyo's home. She is almost dressed for the party. We will wait, keeping very still, while Chiyo's mother finishes combing her hair.

We can amuse ourselves looking at Chiyo's dressing cabinet and mirror. They look queer to us. But Chiyo thinks that they are just right and very nice.



Fuyu, Chiyo's older sister, is going to the party with us. She is wearing an outside kimono with a crest on the sleeves, for Fuyu is a young lady.

Here we are at the garden gate of Sato's home. Sato's mother has come to the gate to greet the guests. She and Fuyu say, *Konnichi wa*, which is



“How do you do,” when they bow.  
Dear me, how many times they bow!

At the door of the house, Sato and her sister greet us. They lay their hands on the floor. When they say *Konnichi wa*, they bow their heads to the floor.

They will be very tired by the time all the girls say, *Konnichi wa*, for they



bow so many times. When we go in we will bow just as Chiyo does.

It took a long time to say so many *konnichi wa*'s at the gate and at the door. But at last, we are in the house.

We have tea the first thing. I'm glad we are fairies, for I'm sure we should get very tired, kneeling while we drank tea.





This seems to be a very slow game. Chiyo tried to make her fan rest on the top of the little parasol, but the fan fell off every time.

Now Aki tries, but again the fan falls.

All the girls look as if they were thinking, "This is not much fun."

Sato's mother seemed to think so, too, for she says, "My little daughter, perhaps

our guests would like to go out into the garden to play."

"Shall we go into the garden?" Sato asks.

And all the little guests answer, "Yes, Sato, let us go. It will be fun to play in your pretty garden."

They all go out into the garden, and we go, too.

This is much better. I'm glad to be out of doors. And this game is fun. We can laugh and be merry with the girls, for fairies' laughter cannot be heard.

I didn't know that Japanese girls could skip the rope. But they can. Just watch Chiyo.

She skips lightly and quickly, but she stops very soon.

She stops before she has skipped thirty times. But she thinks it great fun. All



the little girls do. Even Fuyu, who is a young lady, looks as if she would like to have a turn.

But oh, we fairies could show these little girls some wonderful skipping! How surprised they would be if they should see us skip fifty or even one hundred times without stopping. But we mustn't



even *think* of doing such a thing, for we are unseen guests at the party, and we are polite fairies, you know.

“Blindman’s Buff!” Chiyo is clapping her hands so the “Blindman” will turn toward her. Then she will run to another place. Sato’s little sister is playing too. Isn’t she cunning?

The girls play "Blindman's Buff" for some time, until Sato asks, "Shall we sit down and rest for a while?"

They all sit down on the ground. We fairies sit down, too, but no one sees us nor hears us. Isn't that a joke? We almost laugh aloud, but we must not even smile, or we shall not be polite fairies.

Fuyu says, "I wonder if you have ever played 'Nose, Nose, Nose, Mouth'?"

"No, Fuyu," answer the little girls, "we have never played it."

"Please, Fuyu, tell us how to play it," begs Sato.

"I shall be glad to," answers Fuyu.

"I shall say, 'Nose, Nose, Nose, Mouth,' very quickly. Each time I say, 'Nose,' I tap my nose with my finger, and you must do the same. But when I say 'Mouth,' I will not tap my mouth. I



will tap my eyes or maybe my ear. Sometimes I will say, 'Nose, Nose, Nose, Ear,' and then I may tap my mouth.

"You must watch me all the time. When I say the last word, you must not do as I do, but you must tap the feature I name."

"Come, let us begin."

"Nose, Nose, Nose, Mouth," says Fuyu very quickly. She taps her nose three times, and then her ear.

The players are all watching her and some of them do the same.

Everybody laughs and we laugh, too.

The game goes on. Fuyu speaks faster and faster and the little players must tap very quickly to keep up with her.

Many mistakes are made, but everybody laughs and enjoys the fun.



What a lovely place this is to play tag! Trees and gardens are the homes of the fairies, so of course we like to play games here in this pretty garden. So does Chiyo. She loves games under the trees almost as much as if she were a fairy, too.

## TWO SONGS AND A RIDDLE

TIME: *Daytime at Sato's party.*

PLACE: *Among the trees.*

CHARACTERS: SATO *and the girls at her party.*

[*The girls have been running and playing. Fuyu speaks.*]

FUYU: Wouldn't it be nice now, Sato, if we should all sit down and rest?

SATO: Yes, indeed, Fuyu. I shall ask the little girls to sit down here under the trees. [*Clapping her hands, she calls.*] Let us sit down and rest for a little while. [*The guests and their little hostess seat themselves on the ground.*]

FUYU: Aki, I am told that you are learning to play on the *koto* and to sing some pretty little songs. I wonder if you would sing for us now.

AKI: I am sorry, Fuyu, that I have not my *koto* here today to play on, but I shall be very glad to sing for you. Shall I sing the "Butterfly Song"?

THE OTHERS: Yes, do sing for us, Aki, please. Sing the "Butterfly Song."

AKI (*sings*):

*Chocho! chocho!*

*Na no ha ni tomaré*

*Na no ha ga iyanara,*

*Te ni tomaré!*

THE OTHERS: Thank you, thank you, Aki.

SATO: Will you sing another little song for us, Aki?

AKI: It will give me pleasure. I know a song about a snail. I think you will like it.

[*Aki sings.*]

## THE SNAIL SONG

Put out your horns for a little, Snail!  
The rain falls soft, and the wind blows  
warm

And rustles the leaves of the bamboo grass.  
Put out your horns, ere the showers pass,  
For the rain falls soft, and the wind blows  
warm.

THE OTHER GUESTS: Thank you, oh,  
thank you, Aki.

SATO: I thank you too, Aki. And  
now we are rested shall we play another  
game? What shall we play? Chiyo,  
you choose.

CHIYO: Let us play "Water Wheel."

[*They play Water Wheel.*]

Chiyo starts this game. She calls it  
the "Water Wheel." All the girls sing  
a song as they run under the lifted arms



of Chiyo and another girl. The song is about the water turning the wheel and the wheel turning the mill.

### SONG OF THE WATER WHEEL

Go, Water Wheel, go,  
And make our rice grow.  
Grow, Rice, grow,  
Go, Wheel, go.





Sato calls this game *Onigoto*. Such jolly fun! Chiyo must keep Aki from touching any of the girls, that is, if she can. Aki is very quick. Chiyo swings the line of girls around as though it were a rope.

Let us play the game with them. Let us catch on to the little girls at the end.

They will never know it. They are so excited they would hardly see us if we were real children instead of fairies.

They are really very noisy for Japanese girls. They love to play *Onigoto*.

When the game is over the little girls sit down again under the trees, and Fuyu tells them a riddle. Let us see if we can guess it too.

### A RIDDLE

I have a slender body.

I have four pretty wings.

I sip honey from the flowers.

I sip dew from the leaves.

Aki sang a song about me.

What am I?

How they all laugh! But wouldn't they all be surprised if we should speak out loud so that they could hear us?



The party is almost over. No more games. No more little songs. After refreshments Fuyu and Chiyo will say *Sayonara* and go home.

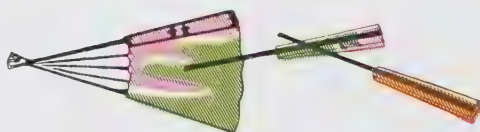
My, the hot rice, the little cakes, the nuts and sweets look so good and smell so good! I wish I weren't a fairy, don't you?

There are so many girls at the party that some of the guests are eating in one room, some in another.

Let us say *Sayonara* to Sato.

"We have had a happy time at your party, Sato. Thank you for it. Good-by!"

Wouldn't Sato be surprised if she knew that fairy guests were at her party?



## A DEFINING AND PRONOUNCING VOCABULARY

(This vocabulary contains only words presenting unusual difficulties in spelling, pronunciation, and defining.)

### KEY TO PRONUNCIATION

ă as in	ăt	ě as in	měn	ō as in	nōte
ā as in	āte	ē as in	mē	oo as in	room
ä as in	fär	ẽ as in	refěr	ũ as in	ũs
á as in	sofà	ĩ as in	ĩn	ū as in	ūse

Aki (ă'kē). Autumn.

azalea (à-zā'le-à). A flower.

bamboo (băm-boo').

banzai (băn'zĩ). Hurrah.

Chiyo (chē'yō).

chocho (chō-chō). A butterfly.

chrysanthemum (krīs-ăn'thē-mŭm). A flower, the emblem of the Japanese emperor.

Endo-san (ăn'dō-săn). Mr. Endo.

Fuji (foo'jē). Wistaria.

Fujiyama (foo-jē-yā'mà). The name of a mountain.

furoshiki (foo-rō-shē'kē). A handkerchief, usually of woolen material, in which packages are wrapped for carrying in the hand.

Fuyu (foo'yū). Winter.

ga (gā).

geta (gā'tā). Wooden sandals used by the Japanese  
for shoes.

ha (hā).

hakama (hā'kā-mā). Very wide full trousers, much  
like a divided skirt.

Hana (hā'nā). A flower.

Haru (hā'roo). Spring.

hibachi (hē'bā-chē). A stove.

Ichi (ē'chē). First.

Inazo (ē-nā'zō).

iyanara (ē-yā-nā'rā).

jinrikisha (jēn-rēk'ē-shā). Hand-pulled carriage.

Kiku (kē'koo). Chrysanthemum.

Ko (kō).

kimono (kē-mō-nō). Japanese dress.

konnichi wa (kōn-nē'chē wā). How do you do.

koto (kō'tō). A stringed musical instrument.

Masaki (mā-sā'kē).

Matsu (māt'soo).

Mitsu (mēt'soo).

Miyoko (mē-yō'kō).

Momotaro (mō-mō-tā'rō). Little peach (nickname).

na (nā).

Nami (nā'mē). Waves.

Natsu (nāt'soo). Summer.

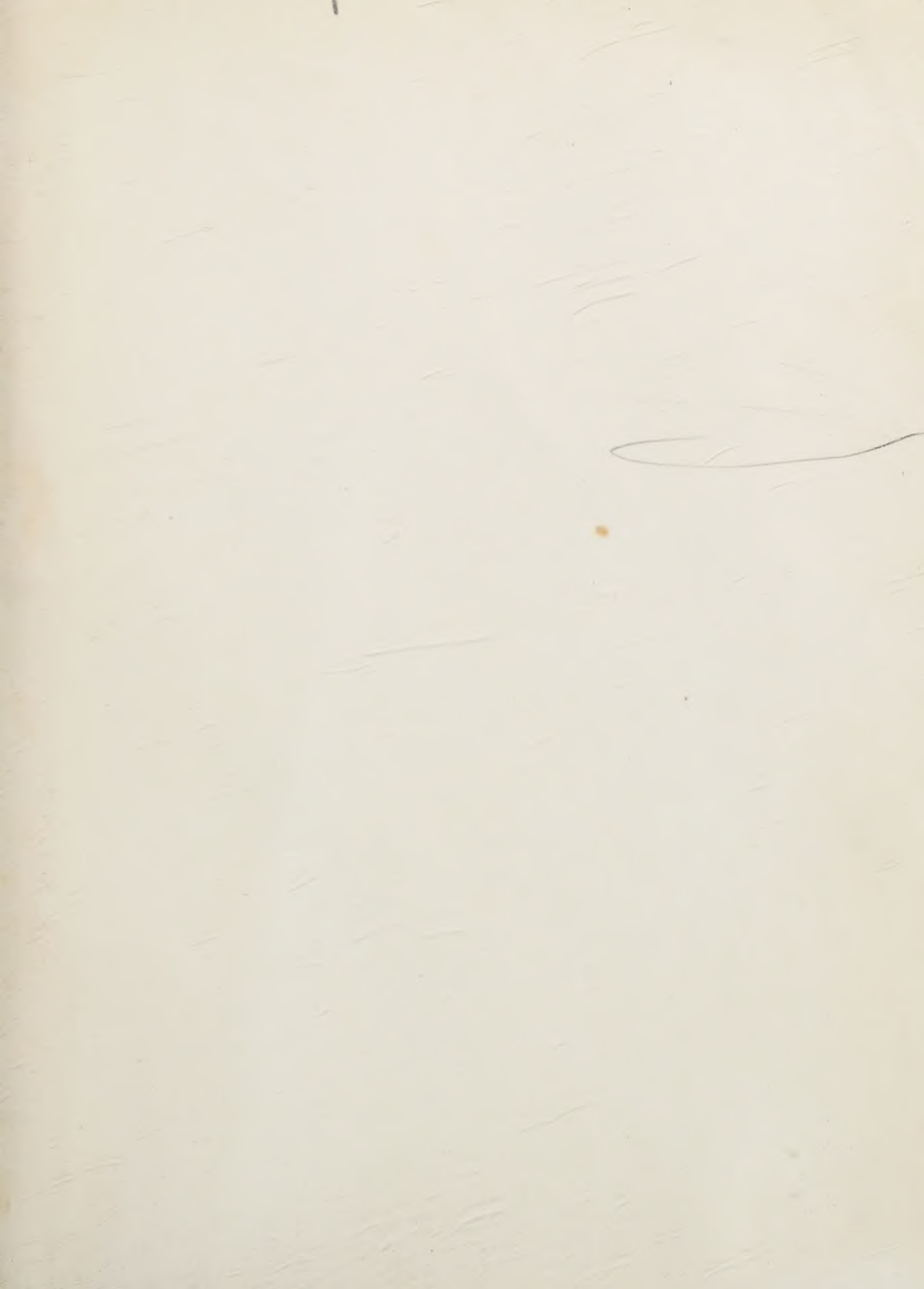
ni (nē).

no (nō).

obi (ō'bē). A sash.  
onigoto (ō-nē-gō'tō). A game.  
onara (ō'nā-rā). A variety of oak.  
pheasant (iēz'ānt). A long-tailed, bright-colored bird.  
photographer (fō-tōg'rā-fēr).  
riksha (rēk'shā). A shortened form of "jinrikisha."  
Saburo (sā-boo'rō).  
Sato (sā'tō). Village.  
sayonara (sā-yō-nā'rā). Good-by.  
Shiro (shē'rō).  
shoji (shō'jē). Paper-covered walls or doors.  
Sono (sō'nō). A garden.  
tabi (tā'bē). A cloth sock.  
Takeo (tā'kā-ō).  
Taro (tā'rō).  
te (tā).  
Tokyo (tō'kē-ō).  
tomaré (tō'mā-rā).  
Toyo (tō'yō).  
Ume (oo'mā). Plum blossom.  
wistaria (wis-tā'rē-à). A flower.  
Yoshi (yō'shē). A reed.  
Yuki (yū'kē). Snow.  
Yuri (yū'rē). A lily.  
Yuzo (yū'zō).









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